

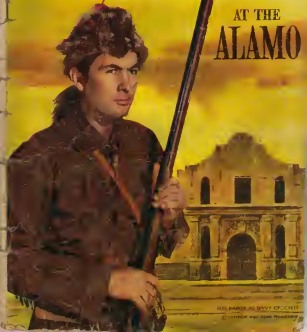
DELL

NO. 629

10¢

Walt Disney's
Davy Crockett

AT THE
ALAMO



FESS PARKER AS DAVY CROCKETT

© Copyright 1955 by Walt Disney Productions

CALL TO ARMS

The Texas frontier was aflame. A long-smoldering desire for Texas had burst from the hearts of restless colonists. Heeding the call for courageous and adventurous pioneers, Davy Crockett harkened to the desperate plea for assistance from the sturdy hand of Texas who were fighting dauntlessly against overwhelming odds. The powerful and well-equipped army of Santa Anna was on the march.



Walt Disney's DAVE CROCKETT AT THE ALAMO, No. 426. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 351 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Selma Meyer, Vice-President; Albert F. Delacorte, Vice-President. Trade edition. 48 cents. © Copyright, 1945, by Walt Disney Productions. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

WALT DISNEY'S Davy Crockett



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



DRY AND HUNGRY, GARY AND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY CHEROKEES









THAT NIGHT... IN THE "PARLOR" OF THE SHIP BOAT





THIMBLER HIDES THE PEA UNDER A THIMBLE ... THEN SHUFFLES THE THIMBLES AROUND ...



PEY PLUCKS OVER THE THREE THIMBLES...



PEY FORCES THIMBLER TO OPEN HIS CLOSED FINGERS...





Davey and Thimble Slip Out of the Assey, Crammed "More Out"...





NEW ADVENTURE LATER...





AND, AFTER HAVING TAKEN DOWN THE
HINDERS TO THE HINDERS, AND UP THE
HINDERS TO LITTLE ROCK, THEY TRAVEL
OVERLAND SOUTH THROUGH ARIZONA, NEW
AND INTO TEXAS...



AT LAST, THEY REACH LITTLE ROCK
ON THE RED RIVER, JUST ABOVE
HARTFORD...





THEY REACH CAMP BY SUNSET THE NEXT
MORNING AND RIDE ON INTO DESERT...



SOME TIME LATER, THEY PAUSE BY
THE BASE OF A HIDE APPROX...



THEY STOP WHEN THEY HEAR A DISTANT
RUMBLE THAT GROWS STRONGLY LOUDER...



RAPTOR THE THUNDER OF POLARIS: ADAPTS, A HERD OF STAMPEDEING BUFFALO STREPS DOWN THE HORIZON...









DAVE TELLS TO THE INDIAN IN SPOKE LANGUAGE...



At last darkness comes
Crockett's company takes
camp for the night...

I WON'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP A WINK
WITH THAT RED-SKINNED ABORIGINAL
SITTING THERE, STARING AT US.

HE ACTS LIKE HE WANTS TO BE
FRIENDS. I'M GOING TO GIVE
HIM SOME FOOD!



THE COMMANDER ACCEPTS THE FOOD WITH
GRATEFUL APPETITE.



AS THE COMMANDER HOLDS DOWN THE FOOD,
DAVE REALIZES HE WON'T GET ANY MORE.



COLUMEL CROCKETT IS
DELIBERATELY DISCOURAGING
THAT SAUCE - FEEDING HIM.

WHY NOT? THE INDIAN WAS
HUNGRY! BESIDES, DAVE
WANTS TO TALK TO HIM!



YOU MEAN
DAVE'S
TALKING?

YEP! DAVE'S GOOD AT SNAKE
LANGUAGE. HE'LL SOON FIND
OUT ALL THE GOSSIP IN
THE HEED O' THE WOODS!



AFTER A FEW MINUTES, DAVE RETURNS TO THE CAMP FIRE...



HE SAYS HE HAS THROWN OUT OF HIS TROOP. I'VE HAD TROUBLE WITH HIS ORIF AND HE'S SQUAW! HE WANTS TO JOIN US... SURE US!

HEAR THAT, THUNDERBOLT? THESE HAVE TROUBLE'S SAME AS WHITE MEN! THE US'S LUCK'S SURE BUSTED BAD.



SAH! THAT'S A GOOD NAME FOR THE MAJIN... BUSTEDLUCK!

SURE FRIEND BUSTEDLUCK SAYS HE CAN LEAD US TO THE MAIN SETTLEMENT IN THESE PARTS. HE MUST MEAN THE ONE THE TEXANS CALL SAN ANTONIO DE BEJAR!

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...



BUSTEDLUCK SAID HE'D GUIDE US TO WATER - AND HE DID!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DRINK THAT GREEN SOUP, ARE YOU?

WE SURE ARE! YOU'LL EITHER DRINK IT... OR DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY!

AFTER THEY HAVE DRUNK THEIR FILL AND WATERED THE HORSES...



BUSTEDLUCK SAYS THERE'S A DIRECT TRAIL, FROM HERE TO THE SETTLEMENT BUT WE MUST WATCH FOR HOSTILE COMANCHES AND WHITE SOLDIERS!

HE MUST MEAN SANTA ANNA'S MEN!



IT WILL BE WONDERFUL TO ENJOY THE SECURITY AND COMFORTS OF CIVILIZATION ONCE MORE!

DON'T COUNT ON FINDING TOO MUCH SECURITY OR COMFORT AT SAN ANTONIO!

IT DEPENDS ON HOW FAR NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE SANTA ANNA AND HIS ARMY HAVE COME!

CROCKETT'S COUNTRY BUILT FOR LONG, DUSTY
ADVENTURES, FOLLOWING THE TRAIL TO SAN ANTONIO...

SOAREBODY'S COMIN'
THIS WAY! LOOK TO
YOUR GUNS, BOYS!



LOOKS LIKE A
WOMAN AND
CHILDREN!

SURE DOES! SATTLERS, MAYBE!
BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOIN' WAY
OUT HERE IN THIS BAKIN' HOT
DESERT?



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE HAD A LITTLE BRACK NEEB
SAN ANTONIO! SANTA ANNA'S
MEN BURIED US OUT... STOLE
OUR STOCK! WE RAPIDLY
MANAGED TO ESCAPE
ALIVE!

YOU HAD BETTER
TURN BACK, TOO! THE SOLDIERS
ARE EVERYWHERE BETWEEN
HERE AND SAN ANTONIO!

WE CAN'T TURN
BACK NOW! MAYBE WE
CAN HELP THE
FOLKS THERE!



GOOD LUCK
TO YOU ALL!

THANKS! THE SAME
TO YOU FOLKS!



KEEP YOUR GUNS READY... AND YOUR
EYES AND EARS OPEN! WE'LL TRY TO
WAKE SAN ANTONIO
BEFORE DARK!





POCKETT'S COMPANY RIDES WILDLY ALONG THE TRAIL TO SAN ANTONIO, PURSUED BY THREE SQUADS OF SANTA ANNA'S CAVALRY...





A SENTRY IN THE ALAMO FORTRESS CALLS COLGARD TO LOOK AT THE APPROACHING HORSEMEN









THE ISLANDS ONE CANNON, POWERS AND SANTA ANNA'S GUYS BOMBED WITH A HEAVY BLAST.



DAVEY LEAVES COLONEL BOWEN AND HEADS INTO THE COURTYARD...



ON THE EIGHTH DAY OF THE SIEGE OF THE ISLAND...



LATER THAT DAY COLONEL BOWNE SENDS FOR DAVEY...



BUT POWDER HURRIES DAVEY FROM DAVEY WITHOUT STOPPING...





PUTS WORDS STRAIGHT
FOR THE ENEMY'S EYES...

HE GALLOPS THROUGH THE LINE OF SURPRISED SOLDIERS,
AND GRAB THE GUNS AND RIDE TOO LATE TO STOP HIM...



THE END OF THE TENTH DAY OF
THE BATTLE OF THE ISLAND...







RUSSELL PULLS THE DROPPED THUNDERBOLT TO SAFETY INSIDE THE WOODS OF THE ALAMO ...



THE ENEMY PIRATE, FALLS BACK IN WILD RETREAT UNDER THE BLAST OF GUNFIRE FROM THE PORTENT OF THE ALAMO ...



WITH SAM, SARGE
HASTY, COLONEL
BROWN TELLS THE
MEN THAT THE
BOMB IS DESIGNED
TO FALL UNDER
THE SHOE OF
SANTA ANNA'S
HORSE...



SOME OF YOU MAY BE ABLE TO SLIP THROUGH
THE ENEMY LINES TO SAFETY... YOU MUST
DECIDE WHETHER YOU GO OR NOT! I'LL
PUT NO BLAME ON ANYONE WHO LEAVES!

THOSE WHO DECIDE
TO STAY - ODDS OVER
THE LINE TO US!

THE ENTIRE BOMBING STAYS ABOVE THE LINE
TO JOIN COLONEL BROWN...



THANKS, MEN! WE CAN'T HOPE TO
DEFEAT SANTA ANNA! BUT WE CAN
HATE HIM DEARLY FOR HIS
"VICTORY!"

IT IS THE ELEVENTH DAY OF
THE SIEGE OF THE ISLAND...

THEY'VE SHOOK THAT
FIELD PIECE UP AT AN ANGLE
WE CAN'T COVER WITH THE
BIG GUN TILL WE MOVE IT,
DANNY!

"YOU MOVE YOUR CANNON,
COLONEL!" BURNER, AND I'LL
TAKE CARE O' THAT ENEMY
BOMBUN FOR YOU!
READY GEORGE?

ALL SET,
DANNY!





IN THE NIGHT OF THE THIRTIETH DAY OF THE BATTLE THE ENEMY GUYS ARE SLEEPING SLENT...



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



THREE FEW MOMENTS ALL FEUD AND FIGHTS
BEFORE BROTHERLY AND HEROIC COURAGE...



BUFFY AND BRUCE, CAMP ROSE - BY THE
MOUNTAIN, FIGHTS...



BUFFY FIGHTS ON, SHAKING OLNEY LIKE A MIGHTY CLUB...



ALTHOUGH THE ALAMO
DID FALL TO SANTA ANNA'S
OVERWHELMING FORCES,
THE STORY OF THE BRAVE
AND HELDOUT STAND BY
THE ARMY OF THE ALAMO
BECAME THE MOST
INSPIRING AND
INSPIRING TO
FREEDOM, OUR PEOPLE
THE FUTURE

EXPERIENCE THE ALAMO! BECAME THE BATTLE CITY
FOR THE TENSE AND VIOLENT OPPOSITION AND
ABANDONED AGAINST THE INVADER. THE COLONISTS
RALLIED THEIR FORCES AND SANTA ANNA'S ARMY
WAS COMPLETELY DEFEATED.



A PLEDGE TO PARENTS



The Dell Treatment is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the content measures bearing it contains only clean and wholesome juvenile entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely rather than regulates objectionable material. That's why when your child begs a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "Well, comics are comic books" is our only credo and constant goal.